

THE  
EASTWOOD  
ANNUAL  
1933









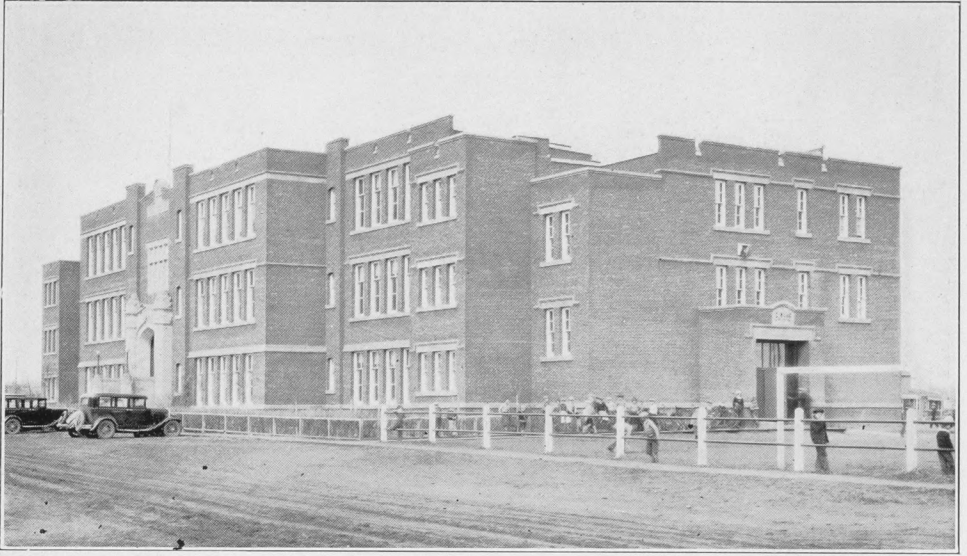


*We wish to  
congratulate  
the Students  
and Staff of  
Eastwood  
High School  
on this their  
First Year  
Book.*

**THE ART ENGRAVING CO. LTD.**

LAFLECHE BLDG. EDMONTON





THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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*To the Students, Teachers  
And Alumni of Eastwood  
High School*



VELLE EST POSSE

# THE YEAR IN REVIEW

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E. E. HYDE  
Principal

An ancient philosopher once wrote "Happy is that country which has no history." His remark would fit schools as well as it fits countries; for when pupils, staff and principal co-operate heartily for the common good, the result is a happy association which gives little to write about. During the past year Eastwood has enjoyed such co-operation, and startling, extraordinary happenings which make news material for journalists are noticeably lacking. However, some few causes for satisfaction may be worth recounting.

The first that comes to mind is the fact that our teaching staff has continued unchanged for the past three years. Ten of our fifteen instructors have been together for the whole seven years of the school's existence.

The other five were appointed three, four or five years ago. These years of association have brought about a mutual regard and understanding that is all too rare, and have reduced avoidable friction and unpleasantness to very small proportions indeed. They have brought about an acquaintance with individual pupils and their problems on the part of teachers that would be impossible otherwise, and have helped to create the school spirit of willing co-operation referred to above.

In the Departmental examinations of last June Eastwood students worthily upheld the reputation of their school. The number of students who secured Honors standing in Grades XI and XII was especially gratifying. The list of twenty-four names is too long for this short acknowledgment, but it is not less than due these pupils, to repeat here our congratulations on their success and to express the pride of our school in their achievement.

Two school activities have been undertaken for the first time this year in Eastwood; the Orchestra and the Year Book. For several years past the Glee Club has kept very much alive a musical interest among our students. The orchestra seems likely to broaden this interest and to greatly enrich the life of the school. The work of the Year Book Committee speaks for itself. This is a difficult year in which to launch such a project. Business men are limiting their expenditures in every way and the securing of advertisements to help finance our publication is a good deal harder task than has been the case for many years. The success of the enterprise will give keen satisfaction to its producers and to the school at large.

A year ago it was my duty to wish another class God-speed, and now I have the same greeting to accord the 1933 class. To wish you all pleasant and delightful things would be foolishness under present conditions of social uncertainty and strain. Even were the achievement of easy enjoyment possible for each of you, I would not wish it; for it could be only a second-best fortune. Rather do I wish you the courage, wisdom and honesty that you will certainly need in the adult world into which you are going. I should wish for you, too, a growing faith in human and divine goodness to steady you in your disappointments and successes; and to the end of life, increasing virtue, the achievement of which is, in itself, the truest success.





MR. H.R. LEAVER M.A.



MR. E.E. HYDE M.A.  
*Principal*



MR. J. YOUNIE B.A.  
*Vice-Princ.*

# Teaching Staff



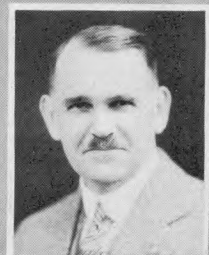
MR. H.C. CLARK M.A.



MISS E. ANDERSON B.A.



MISS J. HOWARD B.A.



MR. A.G. SIM M.A.



MR. J. MCGUIRE B.Sc.



MISS L. MUNROE M.A.



MISS M. CATO M.A.



MR. F.G. MCCOY M.A.



MISS H. CARSWELL B.A.



MISS M. GIMBY B.A.



MISS A. CRILLEY B.A.



MR. C.D. GREENLEES B.Sc.

# EDITORIAL



In presenting this, the first publication of its kind in the history of Eastwood High School, we hope that we have begun a school activity which will continue in future years. It has been our ambition and the ambition of students before us for some time, to advance a project of this kind. But until this year, the staff and executive have deemed it inadvisable in the face of existing difficulties. However, the school has been growing rapidly, its activities have been increasing, and it was decided this term to make the experiment.

The task that we undertook has not been simple, in these difficult times. Business men of all classes are cutting down on their expenses more than ever, so that advertisements have not been easy to secure. However, we have found every one willing to help in any way possible and through the co-operation of all, our task has been greatly lessened.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to students and teachers alike, for contributions received and for the time and effort expended in the preparation of the book. Mr. Sim, our staff representative, was ready with his valuable advice whenever called upon. The students, too, in securing so large a circulation and paying up so promptly, constituted an important factor in the success of the publication. It is only through such co-operation that a project of this kind is made possible.

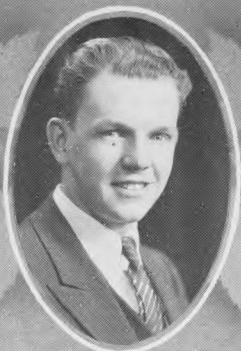
To Mr. Leaver, who contributed the graduation class prophecy, a special vote of thanks is extended. We feel sure that very member of the class will treasure the work in the years to come, as they are reminded by Mr. Leaver's poetry of the friends they made at Eastwood.

For the graduating class who are leaving Eastwood to enter various other fields of activity, we wish the best of success. We realize that in these times the outlook for young people leaving school is not very bright. It has been estimated that there will be approximately 200,000 boys and girls graduate from various schools in Canada this year, and there will be employment for about 5 per cent of them. However, we feel that prosperity can not be far distant. Our present economic conditions contain every essential for the working of human intelligence in the bringing about of a better state of society, and we feel sure that the training the students have received in Eastwood, will be sufficient to fit them to make their contribution to the work of the world.

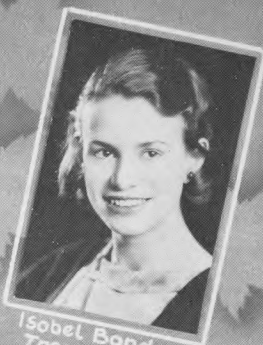




Betty Lloyd Jones  
-Advertising-



Norman Grant  
-Editor-in-Chief-



Isobel Bond  
-Treasurer-

# Year Book Staff



Jim Alexander  
-Advt. Manager-



John Coyne  
-Co. Editor-



Joan Millar  
-Secretary-



Edna Giles  
-Advertising-



George Audley  
-Circulation-



Mr. A. Sim  
-Staff Advisor-



Janet Sheldon  
-Circulation-



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, left to right—W. HOWARD, L. SKINNER, T. ALLARD, C. GREENLEES (Coach), A. GRASSICK, D. STANLEY, A. SOUTHWORTH.  
 Front Row—A. EDGE, G. McMASTER, W. WALKER, B. SMITH, M. COLVILLE (Captain).

## EASTWOOD'S JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Consistent success seems to be the watchword of our junior teams. For the fourth time in seven years the junior team has won the championship. The personnel of this year's team is as follows:

Mac Colville is captain and centre forward of the team. Mac learned his hockey in the rough and ready play on the corner rinks of our locality. His gritty aggressive style of play should carry him far in his chosen sport.

Billy Smith, slim left-winger, comes from a hockey family. Billy will be remembered for his priceless counters in the first play-off game with Garneau.

George McMaster, right-winger, completes a smooth-working forward line. His strong points are speed and stick-handling ability.

Ted Allard is a flaming-haired defence man. Besides being reliable on defence, Ted has a habit of breaking through and scoring on a lone or combined rush.

Arthur Southworth pairs up with Ted Allard on defence. Arthur realizes that he is on defence to stop the opposition and he does just that.

Willard Walker is goaltender. He broke into fast company this year. He forms a very essential part of the defence trio: Allard, Southworth and Walker.

Albert Grassick is a relief man functioning on defence or forward as the occasion demands. Albert's defence methods are also effective.

Donald Stanley is the son of a famous hockey player and coach,

*(Continued on Page 53)*



## BOYS' SPORT REVIEW

Another year in the life of the school has come and gone. The seasons with their varied activities have brought enjoyment and healthful exercise to all. What, it may be asked, does the review of sports hold in the line of achievement?

The annual track and field day sports were held as usual in September. New stars were given an opportunity to display their talent. Outstanding athletes, however, were not as numerous as in former years. Bob Ferrier was high scorer in the school. He collected a total of 17 points in the sprints and jumps. K. Wallace and V. Yancy placed in the high jump. R. Lambertson and C. Simpson won points in the mile. Other point winners were C. Roy, D. Howard, H. Young and I. Gaebler. A relay team in division one completed the list of winners.

In view of the short training period in September it seems advisable on the part of athletes to do a little pre-season training.

Following the field day events the gridiron pastime came into its own. Rugby, after a year's absence was brought back by an enthusiastic following. Lack of proper equipment and a suitable training ground proved serious handicaps to the game. However, in spite of these the season brings to mind pleasant memories of many a hard-fought game.

The line plunging and tackling of Mac Colville, Ted Allard, Jack L. Mitchell and Norman Collingwood were features of the games. All told, an excellent *esprit de corps* developed which made the sport very much worth while.

Soccer enjoyed a rather brief season. A house-league composed of some ten teams was formed. The purpose of the league was to give every boy a chance to play in a team-game. Very few of the games were played. The early arrival of snow made it necessary to postpone the schedule until spring.

Eastwood has always had good success in hockey. In the seven years since the school was organized our junior teams have been in the finals six times and have won the cup four times. A survey of the history of the Joe Simpson cup shows that no other team has won it more than twice. The winning traditions of the Colville, Smith and Maloney families seem to account for the consistent success of our teams.

This year's team completed the schedule with the loss of only one game. The play-off was won from Garneau in a hard-fought series by a total score of 3 to 2. Mac Colville, aggressive captain of the team, provided the sting to the attack. He was ably supported on the wings by the tricky stick handling of Billy Smith and George McMaster. Art Southworth and Ted Allard combined with Willard Walker in goal to form a solid defence. The second string forwards, Walter Howard, Donald Stanley and Arthur Edge, rounded off a well-balanced team.

Lineup: Goal, W. Walker; defence, T. Allard, A. Southworth, A. Grassick; forwards, G. McMaster, M. Colville, B. Smith, W. Howard, D. Stanley, A. Edge, and L. Skinner.

An athletic club organized by J. White completed the winter program. The club consisted of some twenty-five members. C. Tredger, D. Ross, D. Blackie and S. Blackie directed the meetings. These leaders put the group through a series of exercises on the mats, parallel bars and horse.



GLEE CLUB

## EASTWOOD GLEE CLUB

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The season of 1932-33 has been one of the most successful in the history of Eastwood Glee Club. Under the capable direction of Mr. Leaver, we have met regularly once a week. "Singing for the Joy of Singing" is our motto.

We have also had several very enjoyable socials. The first one, held in October, was to have been a hike through the Rat Creek Ravine, but weather not permitting, the girls assembled at the Secretary's home for an evening of indoor fun. Games were played and later weiners and buns were rapidly devoured, the weiners being roasted at the gas radiants.

The second social was held at the home of Edna Giles, our President. The main feature of the evening was an indoor track-meet, which occasioned much fun. The only drawback was that Mr. Leaver was not able to be present.

Our third social took the form of a combined skiing and tobogganing party. We hiked to the Highlands Golf Links for an hour or more of fun after which we went to Janet Sheldon's home for refreshments.

On our last social we went for a jolly sleigh-ride. The weather was perfect and everyone had a splendid time. Martha Shore, one of our Glee Club members entertained us at her home afterwards.

Altogether it has been a red-letter year for Eastwood's Glee Club. At the time this is being written the girls are hard at work on their Festival music. We hope to win at least one of the shields this year, perhaps both!





ORCHESTRA

## E. H. S. ORCHESTRA

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EASTWOOD has this year added to its list of school organizations an orchestra. This body was organized last fall with Ken Wallace as President, Frank Skinner as Treasurer and Clifford Roy as Business Manager. We were very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Alexander Nicol as conductor, and the members of the orchestra have derived much benefit from his instruction.

During the year the orchestra provided excellent entertainment at some of the "Lits," and at the tea given by the pupils of Grades XI and XII, while in March a very enjoyable concert, sponsored by this group, and at which they excelled themselves in their performance, was held at the school.

It is to be hoped that the orchestra will become a permanent organization at Eastwood High.

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Mr. McGuire: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Bill Cronk: No wonder I failed in my exam.

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Mary Bissell: My grandfather's aunt had electricity in her hair.

Mona Watson: That's nothing. My great uncle had gas on his stomach.

## GIRLS' SPORTS

EARLY in September, practice commenced for the annual field events, held on September 18 and 25. Much enthusiasm was shown at the school, but apparently the girls overdid it, for by the arrival of Sports' Day most of them were too stiff to reach the records they had made for themselves during the previous weeks. Clydie Douglas and Jean Purvis won points for Eastwood in the jumps, however, and Auriol Mellick was by far the best in her class in the girls' baseball throw.

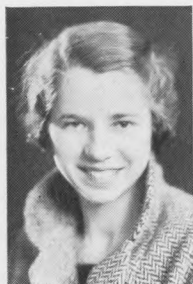
Lack of facilities during the winter months is still preventing the Eastwood girls from entering the basketball league in the city high schools. Though practices continue while the weather is fine, basketball automatically stops with the first snowfall. Efforts are being made to cope with this situation, and we hope that the school may boast a gymnasium before many more students come and go.

Hockey, however, had a very successful season. Under Miss Gimby's guidance a hockey club was formed with Frances Urquhart as president. Teams captained by Kay Grierson and Irene Bullock did good work under the coaching of Johnny Romaniuk. Much fun was provided for participants and onlookers when the girls staged a game against the boys' bantam team one noon-hour. The boys won, but the girls gave them very good opposition.

Swimming enthusiasts gathered at the Y.W.C.A. one afternoon in February to enjoy themselves, Miss Munro acting as chaperon. About twenty girls were present, and the party was voted a huge success. If the school board's check-up as to the number of non-swimmers in our schools means lessons for those desirous of learning to swim, it should result in more affairs of this sort at Eastwood.

Shortly after Christmas E.H.S. acquired, through the efforts of Major Kennedy, a set of parallel bars, a horse, spring board, and some mats. A meeting was immediately called for those interested in gym work, and much credit is due Isobel Wells, Janet Sheldon and J. Flesher for the work they have done among the girls at the weekly gym classes.

The coming of spring is usually heralded by the appearance of marbles and baseballs, and even before the cold weather had left for good, some of the more ardent outdoor sports were spending their noon hours knocking out flies. As soon as it was warm enough to enjoy drill periods out of doors, teams were chosen in the different classes, and a number of fine baseball players have been coming to light.

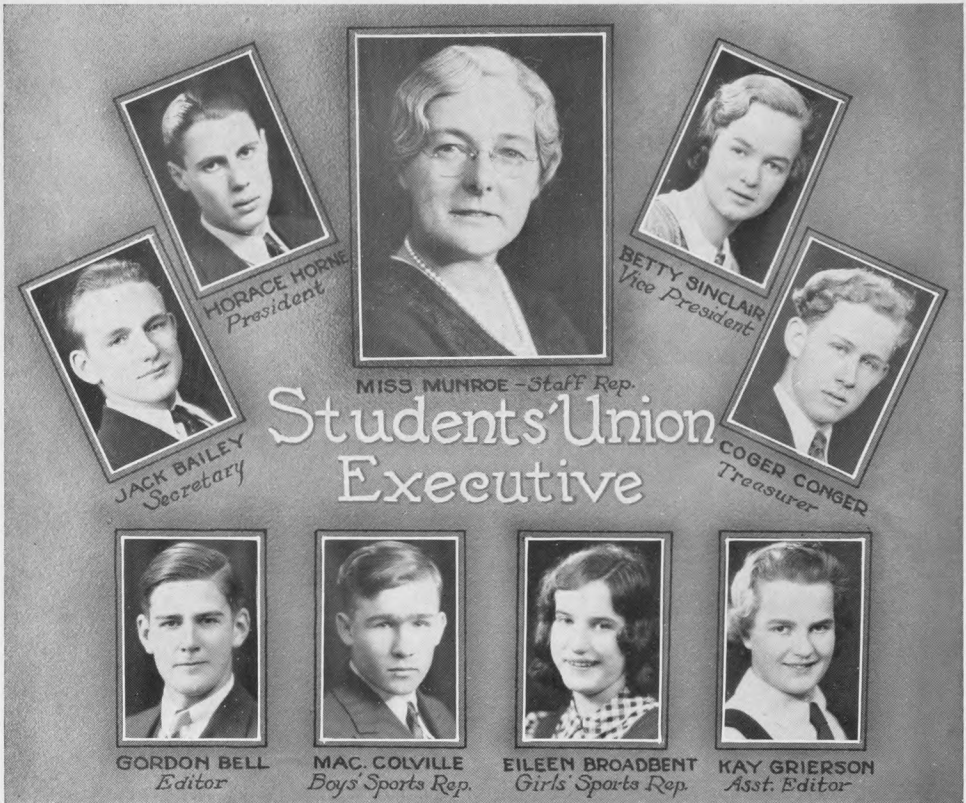


MISS FRY  
Secretary

## OUR SECRETARY

Our secretary came to us this year straight from Varsity. She is the sister of Gladys Fry of Grad fame, and she throws a mean ball herself, having served on the Varsity team. Not only is she an able stenographer, but she is an all round good sport, popular wherever she goes. Below and to the right is an unconventional snapshot of the young lady at her official duties in Mr. Hyde's office.





Horace Horne (President) :

Oh young Horace Horne came out of '19  
And all the young ladies they thought he was keen  
So he has been president, head of the "lits"  
And he's made us laugh 'til we're nearly in fits.

Jack Bailey (Secretary) :

When in the annals of recorded time  
You see his name writ large  
Then be it said "Truly he is great  
For he hath made 'minutes'  
That are a pleasure to be read."

Roger Conger (Treasurer) :

When students hand their fees in  
They go to Roger Conger  
Who adds, subtracts and straightens out  
That they may last the longer.

Betty Sinclair (Vice-President) :

Name—Elizabeth Thompson Sinclair.

Position—Vice-President.

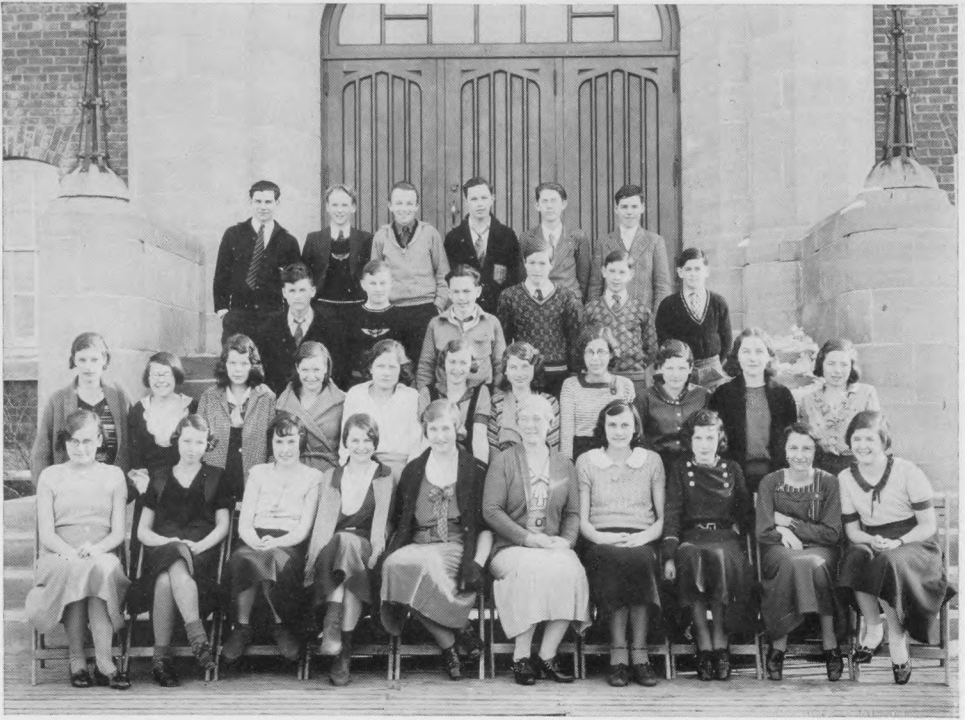
Duties—Giving advice, helping with lits, doing her homework and washing dishes.

Ambition—To be a missionary or a night club hostess.

Epitaph—She did her Trig.

(Continued on Page 56)





ROOM 17—MISS MUNROE

Minnie Swedesky wants to be a nurse. What's the attraction? Ask her, not us.

Bessie Remnick—Just another sweet tune, having her fun at the back of the room.

Clydie Douglas—Ambition: To get a few feet taller. Patronizes Wrigley's, we hear!

Helen Allan—Ten years from now: Giving Bobbie his annual dose of medicine.

Christine McDonald—Sometimes rather funny; short and cute, you can't dispute disposition's sunny.

Althea Thomson—Ambition: To get through high school one day. Specialties: Algebra.

Leota Gray—The objective of "she" is "her." Not with Leota—it's "him."

Lily Cook—Famous for her sphinx-like silence at all times.

Edith Ewart—She's just a little prairie flower; growing wilder every hour.

George Ponich—The lanky young fella of whom even Mr. Sim is afraid.

Harold Smith—"Tiny" Smith, who delights in actually working in the spares.

Maurice Gee—The fellow who excels in mushing.

Willis Walker—We call him "Chocolate." His brother is a "Willard."

Jim Gerow—The kid who likes the drill periods???

Bill Smith—The room "rep" who is crazy over Geometry.



ASSEMBLY HALL—MISS CARSWELL

### FUTURE OF THE A. H. BOYS

The year is 1951. I had just returned to Edmonton for the first time since I left in 1935. I dropped into a store, bought a newspaper and began reading. Why! What is this? Right on the front page it says Mr. James Alexander has been elected as Prime Minister of Canada. Oh, that is Jim, an old school chum of mine! Then I thought—maybe I will see what some of the other of my school friends are doing.

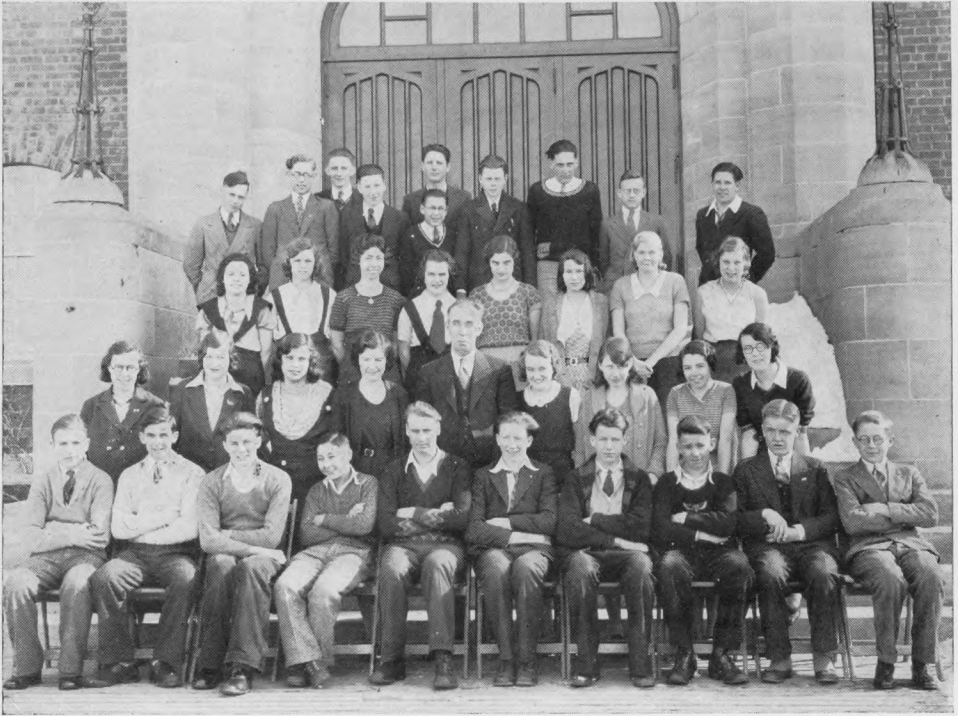
I turned the page, and right in front of me there was an article written by Jack Muir. So Jack turned out to be a reporter!

Well, I next turned to the sport page and occupying the headline was a notice, "Leo Le Blanc scores a knockout." Leo a fighter? And to think how timid he was back in school. Alex Hamill is just retiring after leading Canadian sprinters for ten years.

Over in the corner of the next page I noticed that Don. Wallace and Ben Collier have joined a vaudeville company as feminine impersonators, and Stanley Nelson is an opera singer. Hm-m, that's strange. Here is an account about Dave Mitchell who holds the world speechless with his singing violin.

Then I turned to the last page of the paper and before me stood an article saying that Hamish McKinven, world famous surgeon, has invented a freckle remover. And here I see that Clifford Clark, after ten years of trying has broken Gar Wood's speedboat record. Irvine Gaebler is teaching Latin at the University of Alberta. I see that William Berezuk, famous explorer, is very ill with laughing sickness. And what do you suppose Nick Kowpak is doing? Why he is amusing children with his Punch and Judy show.

And so I came to the end of my paper, much wiser as to the present occupations of my old A. H. friends.



ROOM 22—MR. CLARK

Cliff Roy—Won the Hugh Sharon Cup for public speaking.

Tommy Morimoto—Japanese; eleven years in Fort McMurray.

Peggy Shaw—Academic Pin winner.

Alan Bell—Academic Pin winner.

Irene Bullock—Girls' Hockey Captain, and Academic Pin winner.

Joan Millar—Secretary Year Book Club.

Kay Grierson—Assistant Editor of the "*Eastwood Gazette*."

Bob Ferrier—Field-day hero.

Art Southworth—Star defence man of the Eastwood Junior hockey team.

Jack White—Organizer of E.H.S. Athletic Club for boys.

Roger Conger—Treasurer; Room Representative.

#### BLAH-BLAH!

Dot Allan and Kay Robinson—Highlights of the "nut wagon."

Don Bruce—Leading holiday-taker.

Margaret Burn—"Is my face red."

Ada Cheadle—Coming of the Calgary Stampede! And how!!

Molly Darkes—Let's have a little light on the subject!

Irene Davidson—"The morning after the night before."

Elma Dyster—"Just a blue-eyed blonde."

Thornton Grose—"Tubby" still writes in "hieroglyphics."

Elmer Hanson—Authority on public speaking.

Alex Hudson—No need for a light in the dark.



Clara Johncock—Crazy over cats.

"Son" Price—Could show even Don Bruce how to spend a day!

Harry Knight—Professor Knight of the Chemis-tree.

Dave Lamont—So Scotch he can't leave his bike home even if it's 60° below!

Gordon McClary—Our cradle snatcher.

William Robertson—Conceited enough to think he's Gary Cooper the second!

George Robinson—Third time is lucky, George (for French I).

Ben Samuel—His high-spot: Aims to be an aeroplane cop.

John Skuba—His motto, apparently, is: "Better late than never."

Don Urquhart—He'll be a man before his Mother.

Edward Wilson—"Baby, where'd ja git those eyes?"

Irene McArthur—Oh, those eyelashes!

Vera McKinnon—She's short and plump and very sweet—which makes the picture quite complete.

Nora Preston—Theme song: "Where the Shy Little Violets Grow."

Hazel Souther—O fudge!

Wilda Southworth—Aims to establish a "talk-athon" when she grows up?

Gladys Underwood—Her theme: "Just a little home for the old folks."

Bill Coleman—Ambition: To become a radio crooner.

#### OUR ROOM-TEACHER—MR. CLARK

He's lithe and tall and all the rest

That makes the perfect man.

He's slow to anger, full of zest—

Deny it if you can!

It's his complaint—you'll hear it ring

In German, French, or Math,

"You don't know beans about the thing,

You tread a dang'rous path!"

### THE SCHOOL TEA

Pink snapdragons and pussywillows formed the motif of a pretty tea on Friday afternoon, April 28th, when the grade eleven and twelve students were at home to their parents and friends in the assembly hall of the school.

Mr. Hyde and Augusta Evans were tea conveners. A committee headed by Willard Walker, class president, welcomed the guests. Sharing honors at the tea table were: Mrs. L. Y. Cairns, Mrs. G. A. McKee, Mrs. W. D. Ferris and Mrs. Hyde. Members of the staff assisted in the entertaining and the school orchestra played softly throughout the tea hour.



ROOM 14—MISS HOWARD

Room 14 will receive its share of the Academic Pins.

Pupils to whom the honors will go are: Isabel Williamson, Morris Zaslow, Irene Eamer, Jean Murray and Doris Young.

Mr. Greenlees (to the Geometry Class) : Has anyone a piece of string they can lend me to use for compasses?

Peggy Tredger (answers) : Yes, sir; here's my shoelace.

Spring is here! Jean Murray is coming to school in socks.

Miss Gimby: What game did the Indians in "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" play with long curved sticks?

Alex Laing: Baseball.

Keith Meiklejohn spends a lot of time walking upstairs from the second floor to the third.

Stanley Klatt is a repeater this year and is making a little better showing this year than last.

Ethel McIntyre is absent a lot but knows how to do her stuff when she is here.

Di Maloney, (to Angie boasting of a beautiful Scotch building surrounded by a high wall) : Yes, in America we've got millions of those buildings. What is it anyway?

Angie: A lunatic asylum.



ROOM 20—MISS ANDERSON

Helen Lyons and Edith are the hard working students in the room.

Margaret Mellick—The jester of the room. Her favorite song is "Pink Elephants."

Olive Peters—A dark-haired beauty whose favorite saying is "Oh Mona."

Rachael Truesdale—Chief ambition is to nurse the sick in future life.

Marion Bowcott—Occupation—doing her homework between the first and second bells.

Marie Moisey—I wonder who the attraction is in the last seat of the first row.

Olive Neale—Sister of Doris Neale, one of the famous Grads.

Nora Rankin—The human chatterbox of the room.

Cecil Tredger—Ambition—to become a floor-walker in a peanut stand.

Duncan Blackie—Might become famous in the field of pugilism.

Albert Bahniuk—A good rugby player. He's very chesty.

Allister MacKenzie—Ambition—to say "Yes, Miss Cato," without feeling guilty.

Clifford Wheatcroft—Wants to become a brunette.





ROOM 18—MR. SIM

Don Danard—The pride of the Bulletin carrier staff.

Edward Clark—Our wild west cowboy, is always rounding up girls.

Harold Gamble—A lazy hobo, whose chief sport is sleeping.

Howard Hyland—Favorite pastime is throwing brushes around the room.

Charles De Tro—Ambition: To be a street sweeper.

John Bastian—A great girls' man, but who wants to be a bachelor.

Lyall Roper—A tall, handsome, bold young man, strong as a mouse.

Molly Abram—A great talker. Ambition: To invent softer seats for school rooms.

Mary Brooks—Falls in love with any boy at first sight.

Marion Nesbit—Is always asking foolish questions.

Diana Maloney—Her ambition is to be a dancing teacher.

Cassie Mazurek—Her ambition is to be a tax collector.

May Jordon—Is handsome. Ambition: To eat and sleep.

Bill Harry—The pride of Mr. Sim's algebra class.

Eric Ward—Thinks he is Tarzan of the Grapes.

Frank Hall—A great ladies' man who thinks he is "Hoot Gibson."

Russell Tull—Noted for the way he speaks French.

Vernon Parsons—Commonly known about Eastwood as "Shrimp."

Ernest Smith—Has a weakness for Grade IX blondes.

Tom Edge—Artist of Room 18, can draw anything but attention.

Stan Dickson—Noted for his taking ways.



ROOM 11—MISS CRILLEY

Warning—To the future patients of Teddy (Doc) Bell. Never! let him operate on you. He can't even put a Jig-saw puzzle together.

Speaking of Jig-saw puzzles John (Jiggs) Bell, as his namesake, absolutely detests them.

Another event of the history of Jig-saw puzzles was the speedy assembling of one of the same by Charles Gogek—the only drawback was that it was during school hours and the teacher observed his valiant action—thus the puzzle was not completely assembled.

Andrew Laine was the only one in Room 11 to obtain sufficient marks to get an Academic Pin.

For a few minutes on one memorable day, Arnold Hougan was the hottest guy in Eastwood School, due to the meeting of a match and comb in his back pocket.

Miss Crilley (after discussing heaven and asking who wanted to go there): Don't you want to go to heaven, Mac?

Mac Morrison: Mamma told me to go straight home.

Miss Crilley to Bennett Clark (whose alleged illness caused his absence): How was it then, Bennett, that I saw you pass the school on your bicycle during the morning?

Bennett Clarke (slightly taken aback): Yes, it must have been when I was going for the doctor.

Eldon Reid: I'm tired of always being the goat.

Dora Wooton: Then, why don't you stop butting in.



ROOM 24—MISS CATO

We are informed that Sid Reid, who stood on his head under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of boots driven on, found himself the next day in China perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pocket.

Miss Joyce Warren, a beautiful young lady, lighted a fire with kerosene last Saturday. Her funeral sermon will be preached this afternoon. No flowers.

Laura Anderson put her tongue to a flat iron to see if it was hot. That household has been remarkably quiet since.

Bud Lamb, against his wife's wishes, persisted in smoking on a load of hay. He came home shortly afterwards without any whiskers or eyebrows and the iron framework of his wagon in a gunny sack.

Robert Douglas mistook the head-light of an engine for a glow-worm. He subsequently joined the temperance society.

We call Miss Cato Experience because she is a dear teacher.

1. Names. 2. Ambition. 3. Weakness.

1. "Sleepy" Hutchinson. 2. To invent a machine to do his Latin. 3. Sleep.

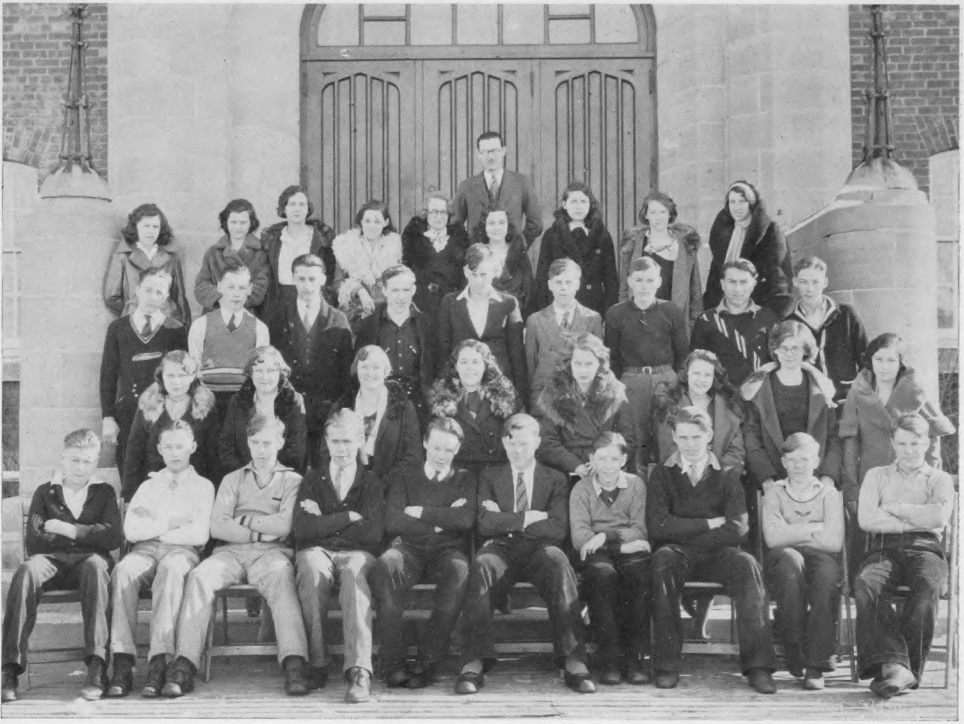
1. "Red" Douglas. 2. To teach Miss Howard Geometry. 3. Girls, or "What have you?"

1. "Gunboat" Anderson. 2. To become a second Kate Smith, "Oh-o-o?" 3. Physics.

1. "Gorilla" Reid. 2. To be a second Tarzan. 3. Jean Mackie.

1. "Torchy" Sills. 2. To make a good deal with "Dan Cupid." 3. Gum.





ROOM 12—MR. GREENLEES

Ken Horrock's ambition is to get into the room before the bell rings.

Marie Munt's favorite expression is "You Hambone." Weakness: Lipstick.

Enid Newland's ambition is to keep her nose powdered for one whole period.

Rod Matheson's favorite saying changes about twice a week. His weakness is the fair sex.

Jack Goodall comes to school when he's broke. His ambition is to become a Girl's Guide.

Jack Grimble's age is three stiff bristles on a rather dormant chin.

Muriel Porter's greatest achievement is one correct in Geometry. Her weakness is the aforementioned.

Edgar Thompson has two weaknesses—study periods and Margaret Fulton.

Don Ross' greatest ambition is to sit one composition period without attracting Miss Crilley's attention.

Peter Pilip really enjoys handing in composition donations at the last possible moment.

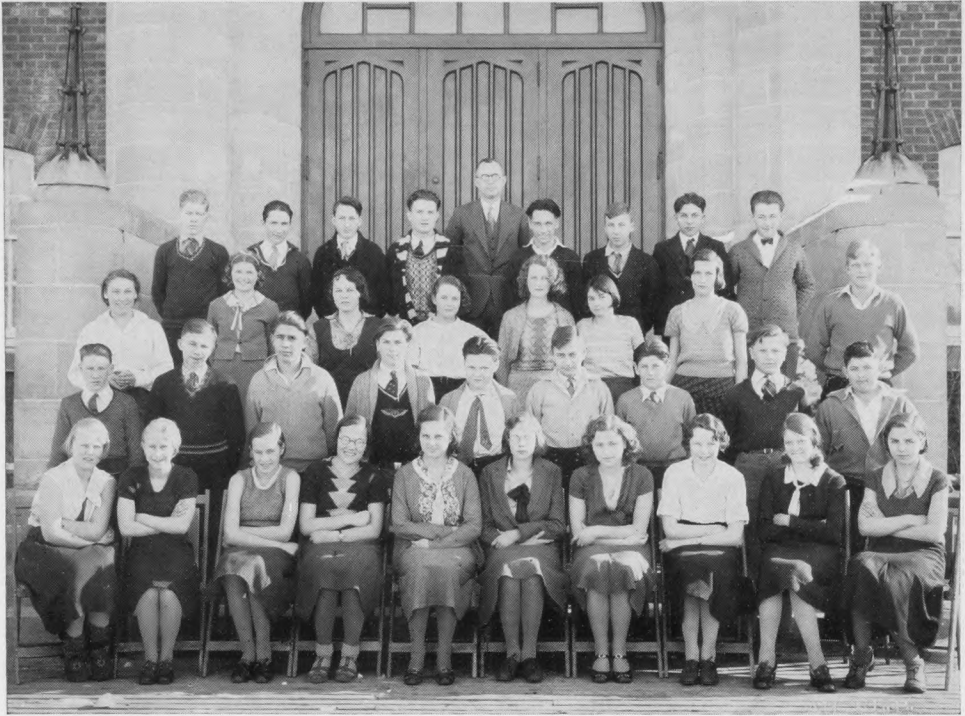
Stuart Blackie is not bad, even if he does say that others are cream-faced.

The Willis twins are so much alike that when Rita asked to borrow a mirror, Irene Johnston carelessly said "Oh just look at Ruby."

Arthur Pomphrey—Will be a good footballer in his time. He should be watched, (Mr. Greenlees).

Douglas Howard—Brother of the famed magician, Walter Howard. Will he follow in Walter's footsteps?

Arnold Sundby—Does his own homework how he likes, and when he likes, which isn't very often.



ROOM 13—MR. McQUIRE

Margaret McQuarrie is the Room Rep. in this room and was faithful in attendance at all executive meetings.

Bob Boyer was eating some "horse candies." Maybe he was trying to make himself a fast stepper.

Paul Boberasky is famous for his wisecracks in Room 13.

Lil Brooks tries her best to stay awake a few hours of the day.

Jim McCaully is the shiek in our room. He is trying to get in the movies.

Ruby Jeffels has the majority of the brains in Room 13.

Jean Michie is noted over the school for her curly hair.

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## THE TENNIS CLUB

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When the good day of April came there was a cry all over the school of "Tennis." Those who had cramped up all winter were ready to stretch themselves on the tennis courts. Mr. Clark once more came to our assistance and helped to organize the Tennis Club. The meeting was held on the 26th of April. Officers were elected and plans for the year were discussed. Arthur Southworth was elected president, Eleanor Douglas, treasurer, and a committee was chosen to put the courts in playing form. It did not take the committee long to roll the courts into shape, repair the nets, and the game is now in full swing.



ROOM 25—MISS GIMBY

Annie Neggers: We hear that Annie will continue her study of hypnotism.

Gwen Craig: Will reform and start a free lunch for starving students.

Helen Danard: Helen has the position as chief taster in a sauerkraut factory.

Margaret Urquhart: Is taking a course on how to control yourself.

Beryl Drewry and Mabelle Sibour: Are going to cause the downfall of Wrigleys. They've sworn off chewing gum.

Jim Coburn: Has just signed up with Paramount. He will play child's parts.

Ruby Dahlgren: Hasn't decided yet what she'll be but may change her mind.

Muriel Blott: Muriel's ambition is to invent something to make tall people short.

Jim Thomson: Something is bound to happen sooner or later.

Charles Jenion: He will continue to exhibit his schoolgirl complexion.

Lillian Ruff: Is looking for a little gray home in the big bad west.

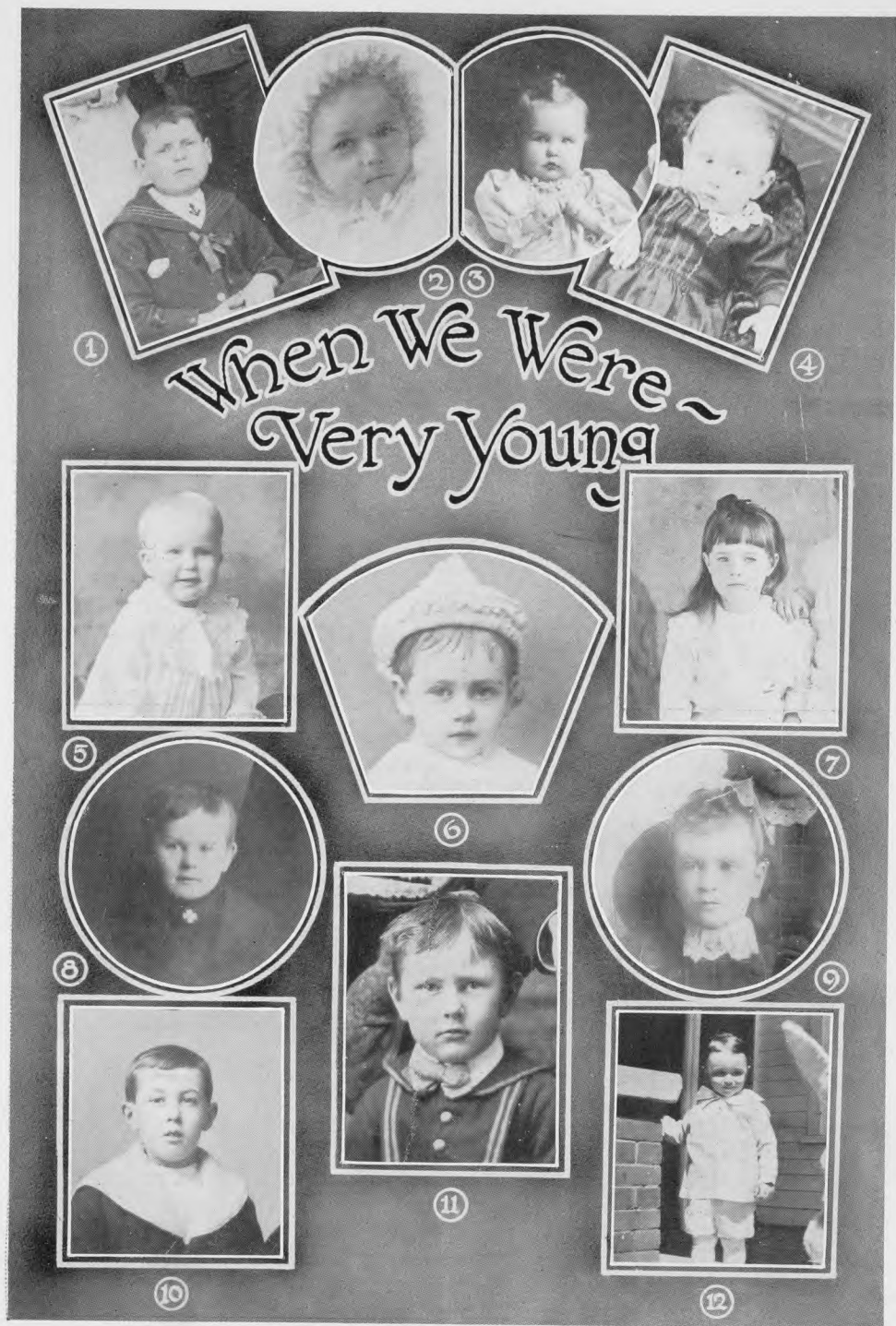
Hilda McKinnon: Will do something quiet you may be sure.

George Reid: Food for squirrels.

Jimmy Ferguson: Plans getting snappy music from rubber bands and going on the stage.

Ted Allard: Plans to open a rink and teach fancy skating.

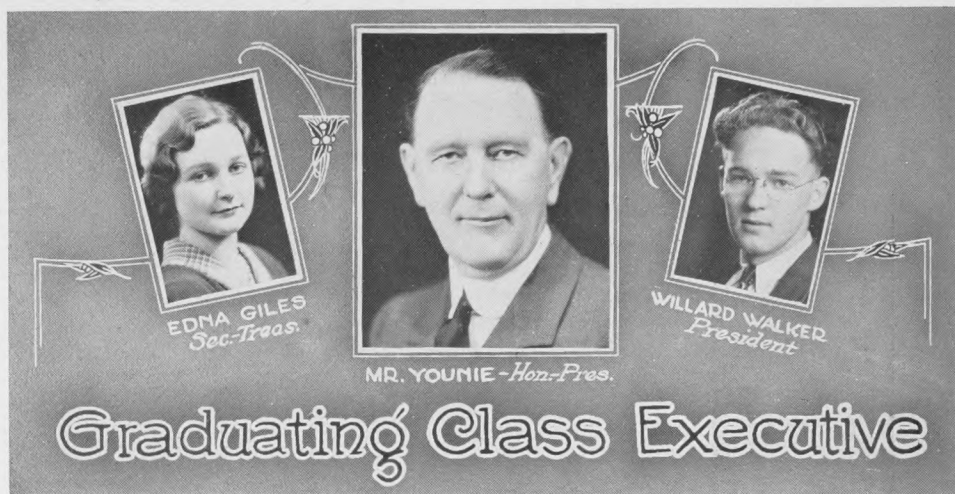
Arthur McIntyre: He will enroll in a business college to learn to hemstitch hankies.



### OUR TEACHING STAFF IN THE YEAR 18——?

The key to these infant pictures of our teachers will be found on Page 61.





## THE BIG EVENT OF THE SEASON

On May 13, at Highlands School, the class of '33 was launched, formally and socially, in the major event of the school year—the Graduation dance. The dance was the usual success, and the expectations of all were completely fulfilled.

Great credit is due the organizers, the Grade Twelve Executive, Mr. W. Walker, Miss E. Giles, Miss J. Sheldon, Miss M. Nelson and Mr. B. White. Miss M. Cato, the class adviser, can also feel justly proud of her proteges.

Music was supplied by Al. Preston, who was at his scintillating best. The combination of a good floor and a sweet orchestra made dancing not only easy but enjoyable.

The decorations, done by a committee headed by Miss J. Sheldon, were in the school colors, Royal Blue and Old Gold. The effect was modernistic, with all harshness removed by a few deft, frivolously feminine touches. The lights, softened by the well-balanced decorations, shed a halo of radiance, which transfigured even that plain little girl who used to sit opposite us in Latin.

The bulk of the old Grads in town at the time attended. Many acquaintances, who had not met since the year before, talked over the desperate deeds they had done in the meantime. Several—let this be whispered—several boy and girl romances were picked up again, to the positive knowledge of a privileged few. Yes, the dance was a great success.

Mr. Douglas (angrily): I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.

Jim Alexander: Too late, sir, I've learned already.

Pome—Thirsty days are September,  
 April, June and November,  
 All the the rest are thirsty, too,  
 Unless you make your own home brew.

# THE GRADUATES

## 1933



Our Harry is modern, but Abram is old,  
Though certainly not Jewish, he Brews for a cold;  
Invention his forte, you'll hear of him soon:  
He broadcasts a green cheese, made out of the moon.



Ambrosey is here, Nick's sure out for fame,  
For Heaven you'll find pronounced in his name;  
When travelling down north, you'll get your car's ration,  
For Nick is in charge of a Gas Service Station.



Now Curly P. Anderson, skilful in Art  
Paints Pussies on China, and Pups that look smart;  
She's good with the color, makes rainbows anew,  
And Iris is jealous of Curly's deep blue.



What puzzles us all, is when Arksey goes home,  
For Graydon ne'er does as the Romans in Rome;  
He's always a-reading a note or a book,  
His coat on the hanger, his cap on the hook.



George Audley could tell you why Dudley's his name,  
'Tis easier to say, and means just the same;  
Now George has a habit of smiling in class,  
He tries it at home in Ma's looking glass.



Jack Bailey, well what shall we write about him,  
A born actor in Maths, just ask Mr. Sim;  
On the stage he is natural, a Jack full of fun,  
The audience will laugh, ere the play has begun.

*The Graduates, 1933*

Kay Banford can sing about Wood Nymphs in cradles,  
And tell how they serve their wood soup without ladles;  
And now she is broadcasting a song about pearls,  
They call her the Rosary of Radio girls.



What doesn't our Gordie know about books,  
He hangs his ideas on aluminum hooks;  
But Bell rings his changes, he knows a true tone,  
Aluminum rings like a Bell Telephone.



And Blott is a student, keeps close to his book,  
No feminine eyelash will cause him to look;  
In problems he's perfect, has done quite a lot,  
But so far has failed at the Gordonian Knot.



Here's Isobel Bond, a lady sublime,  
She's Dizzy to some, if you dance all the time;  
You'll find her quite busy when the sun goes to rest,  
She's teaching a school away in the West.



Now Furley's a mixer, just one of the Boyes,  
You'll find him around just where there is noise;  
He came to us late, but that's just like Furley,  
The worm that will turn, should not get out early.



John Bracko's a smith shop, he mends and he tinkers,  
Makes old cars from bolts, and horses from blinkers;  
Can turn an old screw, and fashion a nut,  
Can make a good fiddle from an old bit of gut.



Now Robert is Bob, and his last name is Cain,  
He knows how to study and learn without pain;  
He's short for his size, and small for his height,  
A number twelve voice when it comes to a fight.

*The Graduates, 1933*

With pain we must write it, but Steffie Chaban  
Just mixes her subjects as no other can;  
You find her in Art getting triangles to fit,  
And studying Science when the lesson is Lit.



Here's Heino forsooth, travelling round on a gleam,  
The world is not real, to him 'tis a dream;  
For Christensen roams through a subject or two,  
And pecks at a fact as chickens will do.



Mac Colville's a skater, he plays with the puck,  
He'll make a good Pro., if he has any luck;  
Meanwhile he is sound, a most likeable lad,  
In Hockey he's perfect, in study, not bad.



James Craig is a lad, a mechanic by choice,  
He'll give your old Ford a limousine voice;  
But what he can't do is to fix a loose tie,  
He looks so dejected when ladies go by.



True blondes we have few in the hall or in class,  
So Ruth gets the prize, a Cryderman lass;  
She plays an old fiddle, and toys with the beau,  
At orchestra work, she is good, as you know.



We think it is summer when roses are here,  
But Rose Danilowich remains all the year;  
No use to treat Rose with contempt or with scorn,  
With all her sweet petals, she has a sharp thorn.



Now Gladys or glad eyes, it means just the same,  
Has left off her teaching to play a new game;  
And when Gladys Dickson appears to be rapt,  
The teacher just feels he's going to be strapped.



*The Graduates, 1933*

Here's Eleanor grim, a Black Douglas to boot,  
No raider as yet, unless 'marks' are called loot;  
One scans the horizon, her cloudland is fair,  
No thunder or hail disturbs her calm air.



And Dorothy Eamer, well, she's a surprise,  
We've big ones, and small ones, and some middle size;  
But she is so small, microscopic almost,  
You look for her there, she's vanished—a ghost.



Good Evans, Augusta has found her a place,  
Escaped from the temples where Rome ruled the race;  
Atavism sure has been playing its pranks,  
For all such good freaks we give her our thanks.



Were Phyllis a noun we'd decline her with pain,  
A third in declension, whose endings in brain;  
But Faltinson Phyllis takes Latin like ice,  
It melts in the mouth and runs out at the eyes.



Kathleen is mechanic, advantage her role,  
You cannot gainsay that she moves to her goal;  
You cannot decline her as Fulcra or crum,  
She moves with the long arm, there's power in her thumb.



Some ladies take on the effects of their learning,  
If Love be the theme, you'll find them all yearning;  
But Sadie's detached from the faults of her age,  
Like the true Gibson girl, she's herself on the stage.



Now Bruce is a boy, so quiet in speech,  
You'd think him an echo, a voice out of reach;  
The reflection is pleasant, attractive and clear,  
It must be his Muse that strikes on our ear.

*The Graduates, 1933*

But now veil your eyes, or look sideways, or glance,  
For Edna is deadly, she'll kill like the lance;  
When her eyes are but brimming, o'erflowing with smiles,  
You see the Glee President, you know Edna Giles.



Here's Norman the Saxon, of true British fame,  
He's boss of the Year Book, and Grant is his name;  
Confiding in whispers the tales of his youth,  
The world is to him just a two-by-four booth.



Were Morris a bit bigger, an inch or two say,  
A little less wiser, a little more gay;  
He'd not be the monster who spears a high mark,  
Who reads in the daytime, and thinks in the dark.



Where's Caroline Graham who demonstrates cooking,  
Who makes a mince pie or a cake without looking;  
She ices the cakes with moonbeams and frost,  
Her doughnuts are holeless, the recipe's lost.



Earl Gray is a mixture, he's red on the top,  
King Rufus they call him, so fiery a mop;  
He smiles at our nonsense, a genial soft laugh,  
He has all his wits, 'tis we have but half.



King Arthur had said, he'd return from the isle,  
When the years had gone round on the Camelot dial;  
He's now back in Hall, we're sure it's no fable,  
He's framed his whole course in a modern Round Table.



Jack Harkness the usher doth court a Princess,  
So pleasant he is, he'd win a Queen Bess;  
Though royal his favours, his wit is not burning,  
He's found there's no road, that's royal for learning.

*The Graduates, 1933*

Here's Harry named Aubrey, or Aubrey named Harry,  
So speedy in Maths. that his triangles marry;  
An angular union, acute in advance,  
For Harry like Cupid, shoots just for Romance.



And Hawkes, like the airman, flies up in defiance,  
He tail-spins through Latin, and banks round his Science;  
Sure Harold's a rare flier, where'er studies flash,  
He'll nose-dive through problems, and end in a crash.



Here's Bessie the plodder, turns back in her tracks,  
Makes up in her homework what in classroom she lacks;  
I see her still shining, a lone prairie star,  
Still plodding Life's pathway, as the best of us are.



Here's Holmgren, called Ernie, a boy of good sense,  
He'll share all his fun, if the fun be in tents;  
Subdued in the classroom, outside he's a lion,  
Aggressive enough, to take any guy on.



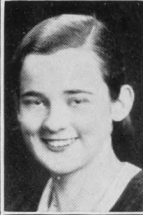
Just pause for a while, we see Horace Horne,  
Adept in persuasion as any yet born;  
School president he, a mover of motions,  
The pilot of Eastwood o'er high school's dark oceans.



Some boys are so eloquent, speaking by hands,  
And Howard's a semaphore, just where he stands;  
By words of one syllable, language he saves,  
His comps. are in motions, his jokes come by waves.



And now I am sure no tongue could refuse,  
To give all that is coming to dark Rita Hughes;  
So fair in her speech, in moderns so bright,  
She has one philosophy, find out what is right.

*The Graduates, 1933*

Suzanne comes to us from the Separate High,  
We like her French accent, it suits her bright eye;  
On the tick of the bell she enters the room,  
We're sure she'll be late on the last day of Doom.



We know that our Dorothy, good little soul,  
Just swims in curricula, side-strokes to her goal;  
She knows what she's after, the Knights always do.  
We paddle in circles, blow bubbles, and chew.



This is Stanley the stalwart, impossible name  
Of Krezanoski, it amounts to the same;  
He's keen on the papers, collects them when through,  
And sifts all the matter, the false from the true.



When Lambertson marched into Room Twenty-two,  
He stole as a Ray from out the deep blue;  
We put him through prisms to find out his tints,  
No yellow we found, not even a wince.



Now look at our Clara, she sits in the front  
'Neath the eye of the teacher, hears his groan and his grunt;  
Now she straps the young rascals who go to her school.  
Laskiowski her pen-name, you spell it by rule.



Now Jo is the third in a series of three,  
Quadratic in kind, a square that suits me;  
Deep blue in her eye, far deeper the glance,  
Jo Leslie has vowed to beat Ignorance.



Alone on the prairie where men are just men,  
There's Betty Lloyd-Jones, in a Post Office den;  
Sells stamps and takes letters, seals bags with red wax,  
She's a tactful young lady, her mail is in sacks.



*The Graduates, 1933*

Now Frances Pattullo, serene and demure,  
Sings daily for pastime, a voice sweet and pure;  
She'll weather Depressions, and longer than that,  
She sings in the Glee Club, and never sings flat.



Goliath the Philistine, Olson for short,  
Has made a fly-swatter, fly swatting's his sport;  
He got it from David, who made him a sling,  
He scores on the fly, but not on the wing.



Now Blodwen named Morris, she's Welsh to the bone,  
Ac I fi, she's A Briton, her Accents her own;  
She likes Lloyd and Llan gollen, Llewellyn and Gwynne,  
For there's 'L' in her speech, she wears her words thin.



Here's Catherine Morgan, most comfortable girl,  
Would quiet a cyclone, or any big swirl;  
So even in temper, we think she would make  
The frantic grow calm, in any earthquake.



And David the Second now skates into ken,  
He's good with the puck as the Eskimo men;  
Moran has a liking for honey and cheese,  
We see him a farmer, with cattle and bees.



And Ken is another, A Mitchell that's squared,  
Has parts that would make a North British laird;  
His accent alone is not unlike plaid,  
When he comes in the room, you think there's a raid.



Jack Mitchell is shy, but has plenty of sand,  
His knowledge will grow if you feed him by hand;  
We think there's a place in Post Office employ,  
He'd make a good sorter, knows gold from alloy.

*The Graduates, 1933*

McArthur the bold, the brawny and bluff,  
An earl by his nature, and name sure enough;  
He levels an axe at the falsehood and lie,  
No crook need appear, if Earl is just nigh.



And Edith MacArthur, well, what shall we say,  
She speaks and she speaks, without an allay;  
Continuous throbbing, like vibrating wool,  
A movement of Dawn, when the night has been cool.



When Ivor was little, no cradle would fit him,  
And now he is grown, no boxer can hit him;  
Sure Hughes is a good one, so tall, and yet brainy,  
He prophesies weather, by Charles' Wa Ne.



Fair Edith MacQuarrie from Room Twenty-One,  
Just struggles in Spring for a place in the sun;  
She believes it is thought that a blind is a ban,  
But 'tis color she wants, the color of tan.



Our readers must tire of this ill-fitting rhyme,  
But Edna will show you a theme more sublime;  
Just look at the lines of her school-loving face,  
The Madsen that gleams, sure it's fun you can trace.



And Matwichuk boasts of the first name of Mike,  
He thinks of his studies as just a long hike;  
By chemistry paths, and Physics-Two Road,  
He carries his studies as one does a load.



Two Davids we own on our Eastwood High books,  
Both slingers of fame and wielders of crooks;  
McKill is the smaller, he tunes the sheep bell,  
And trains the young lambs to bleat in the dell.

*The Graduates, 1933*

Two girls we have gained from the Separate School High.  
 Suzanne we have noted, now Olga sails by;  
 So pleasant in chatter, a velvety voice,  
 For Olga Pisesky is quiet and choice.



Tom Pomphrey is working at massage and plumbing,  
 He wipes a joint best when his brain is not humming;  
 But sorry to say he used a pipe wrench  
 To massage for lock-jaw, from speaking in French.



And here's Arthur Crockett, he's quite out of place,  
 He just stepped in here to show you his face;  
 He's eleven and not twelve but that's quite all right,  
 We grade all the stars by the power of their light.



And now let us pause, Everett Rice stands alone,  
 'Tis bread that he wants, we give him a stone;  
 The cupboard of study to him is quite bare  
 Only bones of contention are Everett's fare.



George Robertson now has an eye for the task,  
 You've only to tell him, he, only to ask;  
 In Science and Maths. he cuts quite a figure,  
 You fire him a question, he presses the trigger.



Now Irene's a girl with a strong Scottish strain,  
 She's Ross to the bone, it comes out in her brain;  
 You speak against Burns, or rail against Scott,  
 You cannot but Laud Her defiance so hot.



Ruth Runnalls will tell you what makes up a diet  
 Why loafers make bread, and need but to try it;  
 Economies all of the Household kind,  
 You bite it before you throw it behind.

*The Graduates, 1933*

And some girls are calm as a cloud in the sky,  
And that's just like Fanny, she'll scarce blink her eye;  
A Shillabeer true with no tempest of soul,  
She'd quiet the Dipper if it clicked at the Pole.



And Mary, like Fanny, is sweet as the rose,  
At home she is Short, 'tis there where she blows;  
Time withers our petals, we've lost our perfume,  
But Mary will ever continue to bloom.



Then Simonson Cliff, a boy of rare parts,  
Makes omens for Almanacs, and sketches brain charts;  
He's now on a trip to the Samoan Isle  
A prophet makes money, there's profit in guile.



Here's Cecil called Simpson, diviner by trade,  
Can tell where there's water, in valley or glade;  
We'll hire him and willow, we have enough rain,  
He'll test all the water that floats on the brain.



Sure Betty's the Rep. of our Room Twenty-One,  
Takes fees and gives orders, as it should be done;  
And now she is working on Income Tax sheets,  
The form is in creases, the tax is in pleats.



When Skedanuk Charlie, looking for more,  
Like Oliver Twist, then two tens to a score;  
Turned up at the desk in quiet surmise  
He Kneaded the numbers, and that made them rise.



Frank Skinner is skilled at the fiddle and bow,  
His up-strokes are fast, his down-strokes are slow;  
But what we don't know is where Frank gets his skill  
The Orchestra boasts that his fiddle's a thrill.



*The Graduates, 1933*

'Tis rare that we have a school-boy de luxe,  
But Skinner shows taste in the candy he sucks;  
For Lawrence can flavor the poem he reads  
Give Lit. an aroma, and work while he feeds.



Here's Betty the buxom, a singer of glees,  
As bright as the sunrise, profound as you please;  
She'll tune up the nightingale's tongue to the lyre  
And light your best incense with Promethean fire.



A Smith we have here of orchestra fame,  
No Irishman he, though Emerald by name;  
For Eastwood he charms, as once in old time  
The cow was inspired, so says the old rhyme.



John Sollanych runs a mixed farm near Mundare,  
He breeds the best cattle you see at the Fair;  
A patent for milking, he's made from a drill,  
The cows all prefer it, it gives such a thrill.



George Springham comes now, no salesman with patter,  
So cool in the head, his teeth sometimes chatter;  
A lad of good sense, and strong in control,  
He burrows through Knowledge, and makes a big hole.



And Isabel rises with care on her brow,  
No wrinkles for problems that one would allow;  
For Isabel Stanley, refined in her taste,  
Finds sugar gone up, no sweetness to waste.



Here's Margaret called Storie, she's known by her voice  
A pleasant soprano, her top notes are choice;  
You'll hear of her later in Festival time  
The warmth of her music, the Spring of her rhyme.

*The Graduates, 1933*

When Tanton first came to Eastwood for study  
He thought all the pathways of Knowledge were muddy;  
Like Shakespeare he found there's more Knowledge in  
brooks,

The better instruction is outside of books.



And what shall we say of a girl that is small,  
Concealed in the classroom, and hidden in hall;  
Yet Olga Terplawy, minute though she be,  
Enjoys her horizons beyond you and me.



And Frances finds pleasure where all others fail  
For our Frances Urquhart sees all the detail;  
The by-products of study just tickle her humour,  
The aura of sulphides, the passing of rumour.



There is thought in the skater, and skill in the speed,  
The union of Knowledge and skill that we need;  
And Walker has both, he's puckish we think,  
In motions and notions, he's Knight of the Rink.



Here's Janet K. Watson, the best from the braes,  
All fired with the fervor of ballads and lays;  
As wholesome a lass, as Sir Walter might find,  
As fair as his Ellen, his Margaret, as kind.



Lill Watson plays best at the difficult game,  
She likes the rough knocks, the fun's all the same;  
We see her a nurse, a doctor's right hand,  
She's practising now in old Samarcand.



And here's Doris Watt as pleasant a lass  
As ever took physics in physics two class;  
The world is a place where many may study,  
But Doris intends her cheeks to be ruddy.

*The Graduates, 1933*

What Mary would do if the sun did not shine,  
We fear we would miss Mary Wozny in line;  
But miss her we shall when autumn is near,  
The world will seem empty and barren and drear.



Sure Gordon has had a hard time for one year,  
When sickness is rife, one has but small cheer;  
Still here's to our Webster, he's going to make good  
He'll blaze a straight roadway right out of the wood.



Some girls are so tall, that it seems hard to beat,  
To take in one look from the head to the feet;  
So Isabelle Welsh takes the top notes each day  
If height be the fashion, we'll charge for display.



Bob White is a puzzle, jig-saw if you like,  
His corners don't fit as the 'M' does in Mike;  
Secure in a dream of the world out-of-door,  
In study behind, in dreaming, before.



When Williamson Peggy first trod a school floor,  
She lapped up instruction and looked round for more;  
She now has its measure in metre and tune,  
A life that is summer, September to June.



And Lillian Yurechuk, an artist of faces,  
Paints models in stores and gives them their graces;  
She now dresses windows shows fashions and styles,  
And Paris is with us, with gowns and head tiles.



Mike Korpan is new to the Eastwood tune,  
He's learnt all the beats and pauses for June;  
At Xmas he came, and 'twill not be long,  
You'll hear him at Seba, a-singing our song.

*The Graduates, 1933*

They come to our classes and taste of our cheer,  
They surely must like us, to stay for a year;  
Here's Frances S. Reeves, leaves teaching out east  
To share in Grade Twelve intellectual feast.



Now Grassick comes on in a black and white sweater,  
His mates all agree no pal could be better;  
A dreamer of worlds that are other than ours,  
Alexander he seems when he shows all his powers.



Fred Wheatley just moves in the shade of another,  
His only shortcoming, he had a big brother;  
His brain is as keen, he's sure just as clever,  
No credit he gets for his skill or endeavor.



Here's Taylor again, we thought he had gone,  
He loves us so much, he felt so forlorn;  
Just halftime at Eastwood, McDougall takes halt,  
These divisions in love make everyone laugh.



And William has trouble, a Nikipilo too,  
He found the lost X, now there's nothing to do;  
So tragic for Eastwood, if X came to light,  
For William, no homework, he'd die in a fright.



Let Eric called Wampus or Ward as you please,  
Distinguish himself by living at ease;  
No subject can flaunt him, he's bound to secure  
The value of Knowledge, revealed or obscure.



And here's Janet Sheldon all smiling with glee,  
In spite of the troubles that vex you and me;  
She shines like Aurora, and brightens the room,  
And teaching's a pastime, she scatters the gloom.



*The Graduates, 1933*

And Mike is a wrestler, his strength is that of seven,  
If you wrestle with him, you'd best prepare for Heaven;  
He likes to study history, of Kings and Knights and Squires,  
It was the game of chess, that many a youth inspires.



Grace Morrison has but a half day in school,  
Her afternoon's spent on a tall kitchen stool;  
She makes all the pies with pastry that's slim  
And times all her baking by chanting a hymn.



Now Mildred knows cattle, she comes from the farm,  
Not like the Lord Nelson who had but one arm;  
She's clever at milking, with pail and with stool,  
She'll be President next year of Edmonton Pool.



Jo Flesher has got a Napoleon streak,  
You pin her in Elba, she'll escape in a week;  
You tie her all up in a sack full of learning,  
You see her next day, 'tis the sack she is burning.



One pauses to think of our Cliff as a man,  
For ten years he's been in old Astrakan;  
He's teaching the Turk to make power out of streams  
But still he's a Clark with fancies and dreams.



Yes, Edge is a keen one, he's good at his comp.,  
Just wrestles with words, and has a good romp;  
And knee-deep he stands in sentence and phrases,  
And sometimes he swears, as, 'you go to blazes'.



Some students, like houses, have attics to spare,  
And Sadie is one, her mind pastures there;  
Renewing old dreams when Time was her own,  
Strange bats in the attic? Oh no, they are flown.

*The Graduates, 1933*

And William Tanasiuk ploughs with lean kine,  
They were bred in Dakota in year '99;  
He says they are old, but better for wear,  
He'll sell them to John, who lives at Mundare.



John Coyne has a trick of sailing down north,  
When study is hard, and Spring's breaking forth;  
He loves the deep forest and broad open spaces,  
Where men are just men, and girls are but faces.



And here's Harold Orser, a maker of lath,  
He got a wild notion, when taking a bath;  
That suds that escape are no good to the bather,  
He'd make himself into a permanent lather.



And here's Margaret Reid like Micawber in Dickens  
Still watching the eggs that should have been chickens;  
As quiet a lassie as ever drew breath,  
She follows the chase, and will be in at the death.



Now Margerite Woods, a student till death,  
She bustles to school, and arrives out of breath;  
We hear in the country she makes quite a stir,  
Cyclones or tornadoes have nothing on her.



Then Mary the singer, with Nikipilo chime,  
She changes our metre, we cannot make it rhyme;  
We see her with turkeys, they sit in a ring,  
The eggs will hatch quicker, if Mary will sing.



Here's Kenneth K. Wallace, as calm as you please,  
Promoter of orchestras, percussion and keys;  
It seems that we still have the Music of Spheres,  
So pleasing a motion, it moves you to tears.

*The Graduates, 1933*

Now Charlotte's a star in a blue firmament,  
She moves among gases that have a sweet scent;  
A chemist she'll be, but what we do fear,  
She'll shine all alone in her own atmosphere.



Just look at our Jean, she's known to us all,  
For her there's no nickname, but just plain Jean Gall:  
We've known her for two years, or is it but three,  
She spins in church circles, in C.G.I.T.



And Murray's the King with no sceptre to hold,  
An eye for the battle where heroes are bold;  
There's fire in his purpose, defiance he'll show,  
We'd give him the rein, if he's anxious to go.



And Douglas MacKay makes one think of the burns,  
Where mills are in motion, power coming by turns;  
And the bluff Highland raider, rides home o'er the braes,  
Now Doug, goes to pasture, there's homework to graze.



Then Helen called Molofee, not a bit loud,  
A sweet misty something, not unlike a cloud;  
You wonder when teaching, what pleases the eye,  
'Tis Helen who's smiling when all others sigh.



Hobert Perley has the notion he would like to fly a plane,  
Just a pilot of the sunset, with a passenger or twain;  
If he rise to higher levels, piercing through the central blue  
By his chemistry he'll do it, making laughing gas for two.



Why John should delay the business of study  
Till the snow is all gone and the roads are all muddy;  
Hibernal he seems in winter he sleeps,  
Yet the crop is not green, in June when he reaps.



And James Ross is canny, he came late to school,  
And brought a good note according to rule;  
His Pepsodent tube, it squeezed out too slack,  
It took him till nine to get it all back.

---

Joe: I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?

Jess: You'll have to see mamma first.

Joe: I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same.

## ALUMNI---AT VARSITY

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Henry Ward: Pharmacy—Likes loafing, British Consols, and Peggy Benson.

Dave Adams: Honors History—No definite likes except Velma Miller.

Harry Mayer: Law—Fond of argument in Lower Common Room.

John Kelly: Med—An expert at anything but medicine.

Jack Singer: Med—A lab. every afternoon and a longing for a movie.

Bill Anderson: Commerce—Going to Varsity in a big way.

Fred Bainbridge: Engineering—You wouldn't know Mrs. Bainbridge's little boy.

Don Cameron: Arts—Sits in street cars to prove the equality of sexes.

Howard Barker: Engineering—President of the Alumni Association.

Doug. Blackie: Engineering—Maybe, but he "sort of looks like a Theolog."

Gay Brink: Engineering—A lad who has developed a vocabulary.

Ralph Collins: Arts—Of French and Prodigal Son fame.

Garnet Badger—Particulars concerning this young man would be appreciated.

Cliff Jones: Science—He knows his stuff but keeps it a secret.

Bob Byron: Science—Specializing in German at Eastwood.

Horace Jacobs: Science—A bear for punishment in an argument.

George Ross: Arts—Still collecting books for his library.

Johnny Sorochoan: Theology—Still an expert on a mouth-organ.

Peggy Benson: House Ec.—Wears a red hat and drinks coffee.

Olive Grant: House Ec.—Tries out her cooking on Brother Norman.

Eileen Greenlees: Arts—Noted for sheaves and sheaves of notes.

Velma Miller: Honors Math—Just as shy, and sweet a smile as ever.

---

## NORMALITES

---

Some Normalite of last year possessing more knowledge of her subject than poetic ability to express it, wrote a nine-verse jingle on "Normal Life," the gist of the piece being:

"All we know is work, work, work,  
But we like it just the same."

This is not a hint that the Eastwood teachers should be more cruel but we Normalites are convinced, that in the good old days when we used to browse around the halls of our beloved high school, we did not know what real work meant.

There are thirty-eight in our Eastwood "family" over here. Some have spent five years in Eastwood but then there is the more cosmopolitan element of those who have only spent one year or so within her walls.

Eastwood has been well represented on the student's council both in first and second terms. Margaret Grierson was social convener for the



first term, William Moisey was treasurer for both terms, Hedley Abbott, second term president, and Fred Parker, susceptor of debating for the second term. In sports, music, and scholarship, Eastwood students have nobly upheld the traditions of their high school home.

We might mention the names of the actual graduates: '28, W. Moisey, S. Horyn; '30, S. Zaharichuk; '31, A. Barchyn, H. Abbott, F. Parker, M. Mazurek, B. Nye, W. Rourke, R. Lakusta, R. Evans; '32, E. Westlund, P. Hutton, M. Onyschuk, M. Leslie, Z. Ferby, D. Elliott, T. Hughes, M. Grierson, T. Madsen, W. Ewachniuk, E. Waitti, W. Melnyk, E. Seller, R. Bandura, I. Sillars and M. Kully.

In spite of the strenuous nature of the course, we will have many happy memories of the enjoyable year we spent at Normal school.

—Fred Parker.

### GRADUATES

This year's class makes the seventh to graduate from Eastwood High School. Each year the attendance at the graduating class dance has increased until now the number is getting so large as to be somewhat difficult to accommodate. Last year's class set aside the sum of ten dollars to serve as a nucleus for a fund to take care of a graduate's dance or some other alumni function. This year the hard times have prevented such an undertaking, but it is to be hoped that prosperity and another new year will see an association formed to provide for the occasional reassembling of old school friends from Eastwood.

### HONOR STUDENTS

Each year the Students' Union honors students in all grades who secure an average of seventy-five per cent on their Christmas examinations and on their Easter tests, by conferring upon them "Academic" pins. This year the list qualifying for this distinction is as follows:

In Grade XII, Graydon Arksey and Jack Bailey of Room 23. In Grade XI, Allan Bell, Tommy Morimoto and Peggy Shaw of Room 22. In Grade X, David Larmour, Ruth Lyons and Phyllis Storie of Room 17, and Shirley Neher of Room 24. In Grade IX, Mona Watson and Arthur Knutson of Room 13; Andrew Laine of Room 11, and Irene Eamer, Jean Murray, Isobel Williamson, Doris Young and Morris Zaslow of Room 14.

The number awarded in the upper grades is rather smaller than usual while the number earned by Grade IX students is above the average.

### OUR MAINTENANCE DEPT.



Two faithful and well-liked members of our staff are the Messrs. Billingsley and Colville, our caretakers. Unfailing good humor, combined with an efficiency seldom surpassed, have made our two friends popular with all of the students of the school. We take this opportunity on behalf of the school, as a whole, of expressing our sincere appreciation.

## OUR "LITS"

---

Our year indeed was one which flourished with high-class Lits de luxe. Ah! will we ever forget those days when we sat spellbound in our crowded assembly hall, spellbound before the unparalleled talent of our school. You could almost hear a railroad spike drop when ——— stood up to sing—and remember how so and so perspired and how someone else's fingers shook when he got up to play his first public piano solo.

Nor will we forget the surprise we got when Ray Lambertson and his highly-educated poodle made it very hard for the audience to stay "sat down," and Walter Howard, our reincarnated Houdini, caused our eyes to pop out and our gum to slip down when he said "presto" and lo he produced a piano from a top hat. And then—that immortal play with a magnificent cast: Joan Millar, in the heart-throbbing role as nurse; Art Southworth, the lucky patient; Jack White, the absent-minded doctor, who forgot where he left his saw, and Ada Cheedle, the villanous gold-miner.

Those with loftier tastes will never forget the beautiful strains from Mr. Leaver's chorus, and the strings of our little Paganini, Frank Skinner.

In looking back from the years to come we will always remember the excellent performance of all in our Lits.

---

## STRIKE THREE--E! BATTER'S OUT!

---

Since the day when Casey dashed the hopes of the Mudville rooters by his tremendous air-shattering third strike, there have been a few intrepid youngsters with swollen knuckles and calloused palms who have disdained the degenerating influences of soft-ball and insisted on playing a man's game.

It is to be expected that Eastwood, located, as it is, among the wide open spaces of Edmonton, should foster many who aspire to the crowns of Babe Ruth and Roger Hornsby. They can be seen on the campus while the younger boys are still shooting marbles, magnificent in their indifference to mud and snow, while they hurl a ball enveloped by a nebula of flying particles of mud.

With Easter examinations over and reports engaging the attention of the staff, the clamor for a house league began to grow from a few disorganized croaks to a concerted howl. As a result, notices were posted, a meeting of the above-mentioned, horny-handed youths convened and after much friendly banter, three teams were chosen, piloted by Grassick, Ferrier and Elashuk.

It is too early as yet to judge the relative strengths of the three teams, but good sport is assured.

The Inter-School Baseball schedule has not been posted at the time that this article goes to press. Eastwood fans and players are confident that a strong team will be put in the field to represent our school in competition with other city high schools.

---

Dave McKill (reading Virgil): "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck and—that's as far as I got, Miss Cato."

Miss Cato: "Well David, I think that was quite far enough."



## HUMOR



Horace Horne: See that girl over there?

Willard Walker: Yes.

Horace Horne: Well, she bought a dress on the installment plan, and she has the first installment on.

Mr. McCoy (During geography period): You can scarcely credit the power of Niagara Falls. Do you know that when we first saw them my wife couldn't speak for a whole minute.

Mona Watson: I take long walks for my complexion.

Bob Bowyer: That's the worst of living so far from a drug store isn't it?

Mr. McGuire (in science lesson): What is an iceberg, Ruby?

Ruby Jeffels: Its a kind of permanent wave, sir.

Miss Cato: Albert, I wish you would stop acting the fool.

Voice from rear: That's the trouble; he isn't acting.

Eldon Reid: I'm tired of always being the goat.

Dora Wootton: Then, why don't you stop butting in.

"Waiter, I want some oysters. But they mustn't be too large or too small, too old or too tough, and they mustn't be too salty. I want them cold and I want them at once.

Frank Hall: Yes, sir, with or without pearls?

Miss Howard (looking at her watch): As we have a few minutes to spare I should like to have someone ask a question.

Robert Douglas: What time is it please?

## THE LAB---ROOM 19

Chamber of antinatal vapors

How oft have I breathed thy eruptions

Dost ever think of thy occupants—when

Thou emit forth thy putrid  $H_2S$

Thou hast no feeling—soul nor humanity

Ah me! for a single brief respite

To clear my swimming brain with purer air

How dost expect one to praise thee

Upon harassing him with thy vile odors.

On crossing thy threshold

Methinks some person has smitten me

With myriads of over-ripe eggs

Oft too dost thou smell like a hospital

And yet thou hast thy good points

Thy corps of labelled bottles bestir mine curiosity

To experience is to profit intellectually

So—how cautiously do I remove the top of one

Should'st I sniff?—'Yea,' says conscience.

So what's to do about it—somebody turned out the light and I went to sleep.

## CONSTITUTION

Constitution how I love it!  
 Seems to me it never ends,  
 King and Commons, Lords and Judges  
 On and on it ever wends  
 How I thank my guardian angel  
 Or my guiding star instead  
 That I wasn't saved for later  
 Say! three hundred years ahead,  
 For in days of rapid changes  
 Writers work for all they're worth  
 Trying to outdo each other  
 Adding to the text-book's girth.  
 History, Algebra, Geometry, Trig.  
 Was Gladstone a Tory or was he a Whig?  
 Chemistry, Latin and Literature, too;  
 Memory work, Heavens, what am I to do?  
 Next will be Spare, Oh blessed respite,  
 Betty, my friend, is this essay all right?

Mr. Leaver: Give me an example of a collective noun.  
 Harry Abram: An ash can.

Mr. Younie: What is steam?  
 John Coyne: Steam is water gone crazy with the heat.

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as farmer Sid Reid crossed the yard.

A kipper coster's cart upset and all the poor fish fell in the mud.  
 A crowd gathered and one small man crept up behind Eleanor Douglas.  
 "What a waste," he cried when he saw the scene of disorder.  
 Eleanor Douglas turned around angrily and said "Mind your own business will you?"

He: I've an awful cold in my head.  
 She: Well, that's something, anyhow!

Oren Baker: What do you associate with the word mutton?  
 Horace Hooker: Jeff.

Wife: "A Chinese general has given orders that no man shall marry until the country is settled again."  
 Absent-Minded Husband: "One scrap at a time, eh?"

Mother: "What are you doing out there, Mary?"  
 Mary: "I'm looking at the moon, mother."  
 Mother: "Well, tell the moon to go home. It's half-past eleven."

The young man had a strenuous time at a dance with a novice.  
 He limped painfully off the floor and sat down with a wry grimace.  
 "What's the matter?" asked his friend.  
 "Matter!" groaned the dancer. "I don't mind having 'rings on my fingers' but I cannot stand 'belles on my toes'!"



The Year Book's a great invention  
The school gets all the fame  
The printer gets all the money  
And the editor gets all the blame.

Miss Crilley (during art period): "Sir Joshua Reynolds was able with a single stroke of the brush to change a smiling face into a frowning one."

Gertrude Fraser: "That's nothing, my father can do that, too."

Try as he would, Wilson could not cure himself of the habit of snoring. Finally he decided to consult his doctor. The doctor looked him up and down.

"Does your snoring disturb your wife?" he asked.

Wilson looked surprised.

"Disturb the wife?" he echoes. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation."

It was in Samson's younger days before he was vamped by Delilah. It was also a snappy October evening when his old man found him scuttling through the back yard with something massive perched on his shoulders.

"Hey!" shouted Old Man Samson, "what are you doing with the City Gate?"

"Aw, Pa," retorted the child, "wasn't you a kid once yourself? It's Hallowe'en."

A pessimist is one who would look for splinters in a club sandwich.

A waffle is a pancake with a non-skid tread.

A chemist says the first alcohol ever distilled was Arabian; which may explain those nights.

"Feyther," said little Terrence, "wasn't it Patrick Henry who said 'Let us have peace'?"

"Niver!" roared old McCarthy, "no man by the name of Path-rick iver said such a thing."

#### A FORD PSALM

The Ford is my car, I shall not want another,  
It maketh me lie down in wet places,  
It leadeth me into deep waters,  
It annoyeth my soul,  
It leadeth me in the paths of ridicule for its name's sake.  
Yea, though I run down the valley I am towed up the hills,  
I fear much evil while it is with me,  
Its rods and its engine discomfort me,  
It prepareth a breakdown in the presence of mine enemies,  
It annointeth mine head with oil,  
Its tank runneth over.  
Surely to goodness the darned thing won't follow me all the days of my life,  
Or I shall dwell in the house of the insane forever.

Bob Price, on History Test—The great fire in London did much good. It cleared the city of the plague and burned down 59 churches.



• BIRD'S EYE VIEW •



PALS



- A "TWISTER" -



- PLAY BALL -



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IS ONE  
UP FOR  
THE GRADS



- C'EST NOUS -



- OUR GANG -



- HOWDY, PRES. -

# SNAPS



HOLD  
EVERYTHING



K. K. K. + ?



- "FEET" -



TRY THIS  
ONE



- "WILLIAM TELL" -



- VERY STUDIOUS.?? -

## EASTWOOD'S JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

*(Continued from Page 8)*

"Barney" Stanley. Hence Donald comes by his hockey talents quite naturally.

Arthur Edge, diminutive relief left-winger. "Gig's" natural optimism makes him an especially valuable substitute. Arthur is also a player for the first time in fast company.

Walter Howard ably relieves George McMaster on right wing. Possibly his powers as a sleight-of-hand artist are responsible for his success as a stick-handler.

Lawrence Skinner, extra relief man, completes the team. His hockey experience is limited to the Community and school rinks.

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"What's this?"

"It's bean soup, sir."

"No matter what it has been, the question is, what is it now?"

Miss Carswell: Will you please tell us about Joan of Arc?

Jim Thomson: Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.



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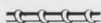
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## STUDENT'S UNION EXECUTIVE

*(Continued from Page 13)*

Eileen Broadbent (Girls' Sports) :

Eileen has been very busy this year and took her position seriously. It certainly hasn't been her fault that not only Room 24, but all the girls haven't secured every prize that can be taken in either athletics or other school activities.

Gordon Bell (Editor) :

Scribble, scribble, . . . Gordon Bell,  
How we wonder what you'll tell!  
Sports, of course, and news as well,  
But what about that scandal, Bell?

Kay Grierson (Sub-Editor) :

A maiden is in deep distress,  
For the paper's going to the press,  
A blot on nose and inky fingers,  
Time won't wait for her who lingers.

Mac Colville :

Now here is Mac Colville  
In charge of the boys,  
A doughty young scrapper,  
He thinks skates are toys.



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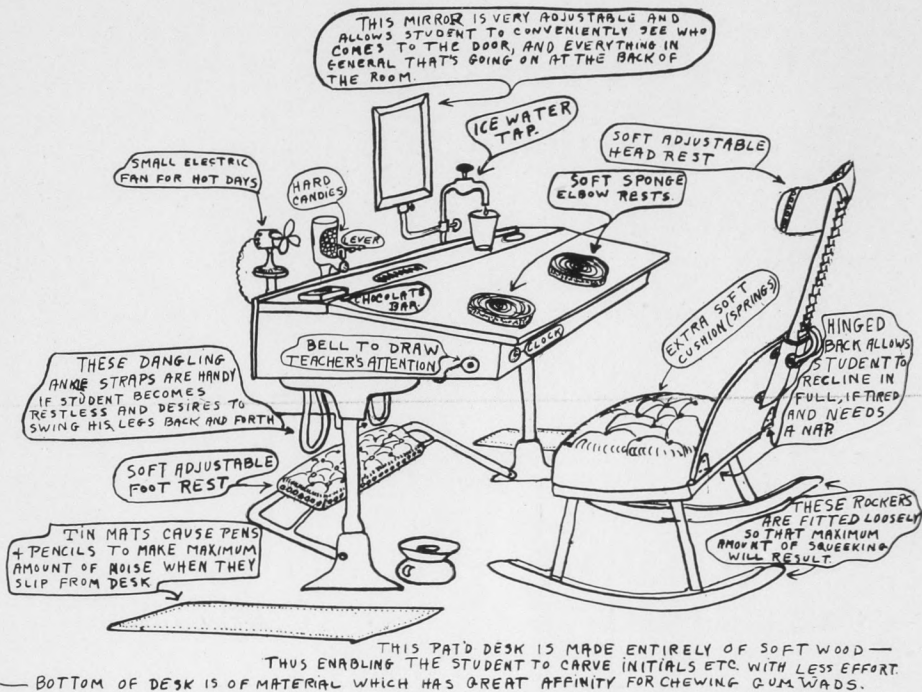
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*For the pleasure of assisting in the preparation  
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## ICHABOD

"Yet once more,"—so with passion strong  
 The poet mourned his Lycidas;  
 The shepherd-poet in his pastoral song,  
 With laurel, myrtle, and the ivy leaf.  
 And we with emblems matched with grief

Feel all the weight of passing days,  
 Youth moves away for pastures new,  
 Yet ere he leaves the college gate,  
 He gives the token to his classroom mate,  
 A bond of friendship to be ever true.

Four years together hunting X;  
 Four years with scientific lore;  
 And now to reckon up the score,  
 The tale of problems multiplex.

Yet from the crucible of desk and book,  
 When all the smoke has cleared away,  
 There flashes forth the brighter ray,  
 A lesson that the teacher never took.

For in the quiet of the years,  
 The secret nooks that know no strife;  
 There Understanding banished fears,  
 And Knowledge weds with earnest Life.

Yet once more Fortune turns her wheel,  
 The Maple claims her choicest share;  
 Life's Ocean circles everywhere,  
 'Tis only here we lay the keel.

And Eastwood bids you fond adieu,  
 Our tears are mingled with surmise;  
 As vision clears before our eyes,  
 We open books for classes new.

## KEY TO "WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG"

- |                |                  |                  |
|----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. MR. LEAVER  | 5. MISS CARSWELL | 9. MISS ANDERSON |
| 2. MISS HOWARD | 6. MISS CRILLEY  | 10. MR. CLARK    |
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### THE SCHOOL ELECTIONS

With an exciting whirlwind-like rush, the election tornado swept through Eastwood High, strewing defeated candidates along its path and carrying forward the victorious with a voting campaign as only could have originated from the enthusiasm of E.H.S.

For some time two parties had been "tripping the beam of the scale," namely the Progressives and the Unionists. The Progressive patron was Mr. Clark and the Unionist patron was Miss Carswell. Norman Grant was running for president with the Unionists and Irene Bullock headed the Progressives. Both parties were struggling for a lead.

Startling events happened within the last two days, by the appearance of an entirely new party, The Independents. Evidently this type of party appealed to many and it was not long before numerous supporters rallied round the new banner. Mr. Leaver was patron of this party and Horace Horne was running for president.

After a great display of oratory the elections took place and the results were as follows:

President—Horace Horne, Independent.

Vice-President—Betty Sinclair, Independent.

Secretary—Jack Bailey, Progressive.

Treasurer—Roger Conger, Independent.

Editor—Gordon Bell, Independent.

Assistant Editor—Kay Grierson, Unionist.

Girls' Sports Representative—Eileen Broadbent, Unionist.

Boys' Sports Representative—Mac Colville, Independent.

No sooner were the elections over than this efficient executive was at work handling the student business in the school.

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